Daily Eagle

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Comparisons Which Will Convey to the Reader Some Idea of Its Size.

The face of Liberty, which has a sublime expression, has been placed upright on a frame near the building so that visitors may see it. It is eleven feet four inches high—that is, from the chin to the tiara which she will wear about her brow. A man standing on another man's shoulders would hardly be able to look over the top of her head. The face is made of six pieces of bronze, riveted together with nails, which show plainly to one twenty feet away, but which at a greater distance are invisible.

Liberty's fingers are scattered about in confusion on the floor of the workshop and look like joints of stovepipe. Her middle finger is six feet six inches long and so large that a fat man might easily crawl into it and there conceal himself. Her feet would make a Chicago girl chuckle. They are ten feet across. The two feet stand in a large fenced inclosure near the fort and cover considerable ground. At least twenty people might step on the goddess' corns at once.

The torch which Liberty will hold in air is colossal in size. Forty people might stand in it at once. The rim about its upper edge is a substantial iron railing four feet high. Not far from the torch stands the golden flame which forever is to burn in it. This artistic piece of work, which looks like a sinuous flame turned into bronze by some enchantment, is nearly six feet high and about four feet in diameter.

The statue will be taller than the lofty pedestal. It will be two and a half times as high as the queen of Brobdingnag. The people among whom Gulliver was so cute a manikin and so great a curiosity were sixty feet high. Swift multiplied the size of ordinary men and objects by ten. Liberty is about 150 feet high, and to her the colossal queen of Brobdingnag, who ate with a knife as long as a scythe and drank out of a cup as large as a hogshead, would be as a dwarf two feet four inches high would be to a man six feet high.

If Gulliver's little nurse, Glumdalclitch, who was 9 years old and 40 feet high, and small for her age, had been proportionally as large as the Statue of Liberty she would have been 100 feet high, and small for her age. The mischievous dwarf, the smallest in the kingdom, who was only 30 feet high, would be to the Statue of Liberty as a dwarf 1 foot 2½ inches high would be to us.

To be of the same comparative size as the statue the rat in Brobdingnag, which was as big as a mastiff, would have to be as big as a cow; the mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, would have to be as big as ten elephants; Jumbo would be no larger to the statue than a pug dog. To retain his reputation of being the largest elephant in the world he would have to be 300 feet high. The colossal elephant at Coney Island is no bigger beside the statue than a horse is beside a man.

The Washington monument is no bigger to the statue of liberty than a shaft 18 feet high in a country burying ground would be to an ordinary person. We appear to the statue as a man a little less than 3 inches high would appear to us.—New York Journal.

Getting Ahead of the Tramps.

"Great time we have with tramps," said the freight brakeman, cutting a chip off the corner of black plug. "They are pretty sleek, these chaps are what like to ride and not pay the company. We don't care much for the company or its earnings, but it is a matter of professional pride with us not to be beat by a deadhead. One of the slickest games I ever knew of was played on us one morning last week. A pair of tramps were beating their way west, and I'll bet it would take you a month of Sundays to guess where they were ridin'. In the train was a flat car loaded with iron water pipe, and into these pipes the old duffers had crawled. It was a right snug berth. They had plenty of ventilation, the pipes bein' open at both ends and laid lengthwise of the car, and the the sun couldn't bake 'em in the day nor the dews of night fall on 'em.

"We couldn't git at 'em, nuther, and that was the worst of it. If we crawled in after 'em the only thing we could do was to crawl out again, 'cause no man could pull another one out of a water pipe. We tried to poke 'em out with fence rails, but they were too short. The tramps they cussed us an' called us all the names they could lay their dirty tongues to, an' that made us mad an' we swore we'd have 'em out o' there if we had to dump that car of water pipe off into some river. Just then our conductor struck an idea. 'Wait till we get up to Galesburg,' says he, 'an' then we'll fix 'em.' And we did. At Galesburg there's a switch engine fixed up with a pump and hose to throw water, an' we got hold o' that ingine and turned her nozzle on them tramps. Never had such fun in my life. It made me think of the time when we used to drown woodchucks out o' their holes when I was a boy. I wouldn't have missed that picnic for a month's salary."—Chicago Herald "Train Talk."

The Sport of Cross Country Riding.

Theodore Roosevelt, in The Century, defends the sport of cross country riding from the charge that it is artificial and un-American. "Of course it is artificial," says Mr. Roosevelt; "so is every other form of sport in civilized countries, from tobogganing or ice yachting to a game of baseball. Anything more artificial than shooting quail on the wing over a trained setter could not be imagined. Hunting large game in the west with the rifle undoubtedly calls for the presence of a greater number of manly and hardy qualities in those who take part in it than is the case with riding to deaghounds; but, unless the quarry is the grizzly bear, it does not need nearly as much personal daring. To object to hunting because they hunt in England is about as sensible as to object to bicycle because the Indians play it." Mr. Roosevelt also adds: "To say the sport is un-American seems particularly absurd to such of us as happen to be in part of southern blood, and whose forefathers in Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, have for six generations followed the fox with horse and hound."—Ex change.

Protest Against the Japanese Craze.

Her von Falke, the custodian of the Vienna industrial museum, protests against the Japanese craze which is flooding the western nations with the productions of Japanese art, and which he asserts is Japanizing even European art. In spite of the unsurpassable technical finish of Japanese art, its essence is that of caricature. Figures and drawings of Japanese men and women, even of trees and ships, are not intended to be representations of real types, but are more or less consciously distorted. It is a mistake to regard Japanese work as a model for European imitation.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The "Impressionist" School of Painting.

Edward Gay, the landscape painter, tells a story that he had from Boughton, in London, which is a pretty good illustration of how the work of the impressionist strikes the average citizen. A wealthy Londoner, who had a wish to purchase some pictures, was sent by a dealer to the studio of an impressionist. The artist put a painting on the easel and asked: "Well, how do you like that?" The patron of art studied the canvas for some time before he replied: "Really, you know, I am not a judge of pictures. Pray, what do you call it? What is it?" The painter responded: "It is an impression of my grandmother. I regard it very highly. I would not take 1,000 guineas for it." Another painting was put on the easel, and the query again made by the patron's opinion. It was even longer in coming than at first. Finally he said: "Of course, as I told you, I know nothing about paintings. Is this an impression of your grandfather?" "My, no," responded the artist with vigor, "it is an impression of the battle of Waterloo.—Exchange."